

DENNIS P. EICHORN'S SEMI-SANGFROIDIAN SCENARIOS

NO.18 \$2.50 (\$3.25 CAN)  
MATURE READERS

MATS O.  
STROMBERG

STEVE LAFLER

ARIEL BORDEAUX

LESLIE  
STERNBERGH

SETH  
TOBOCMAN

CAT R. KENNEY

J.R. WILLIAMS

# REAL STUFF

YOU RUINED MY WIFE!

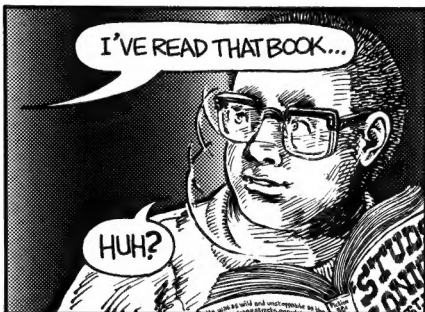


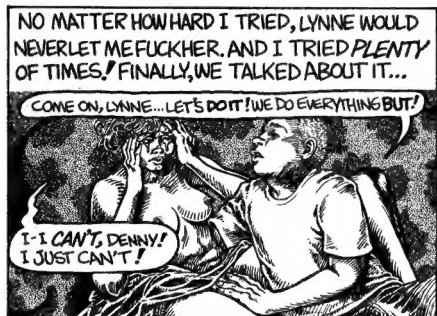
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

WE ALL TAKE OUR LUMPS... AND EVERY SO OFTEN THEY COME FROM A

# BAD COACH

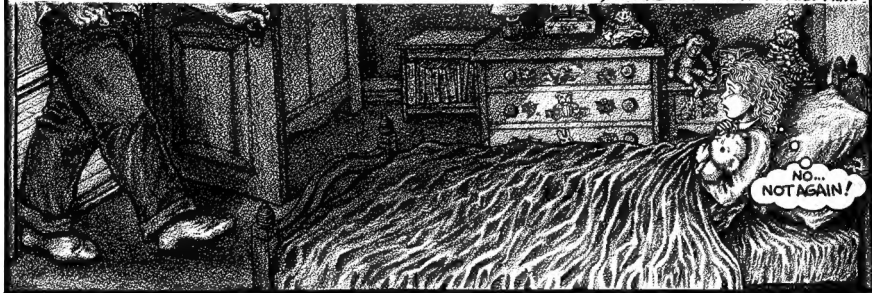
BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN © 94  
ARTWORK: LESLIE STERNBERG







IT STARTED WHEN I WAS SIX YEARS OLD... AND WENT ON FOR THREE YEARS, BEFORE MY MOTHER DIVORCED HIM."



"HE HAD ME GOOD AND SCARED."



SO WE NEVER SCREWED... AND I GRADUALLY STOPPED HANGING AROUND. A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, LYNNE GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL....



...AND BY THEN I WAS ALL WRAPPED UP IN ATHLETICS.

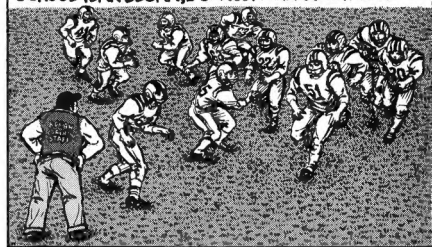


I DATED LIBBY A FEW TIMES.



WE GOT ALONG, BUT SOON MOVED ON TO OTHER TEENAGE ROMANCES.

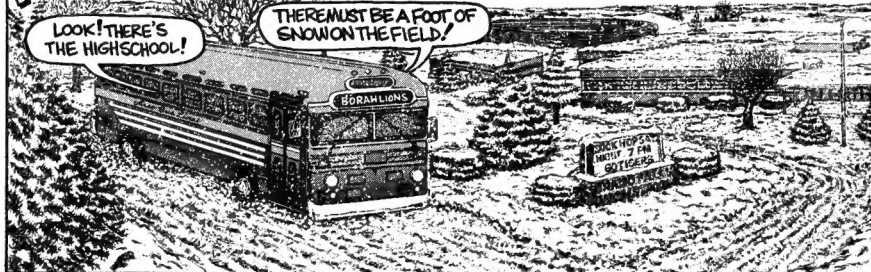
BY THE TIME I WAS A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR, I SELDOM THOUGHT OF LYNNE. AS THE SCHOOL YEAR BEGAN, I CONCENTRATED ON FOOTBALL.



FOR OUR NEXT-TO-LAST GAME, WE TRAVELED TO IDAHO FALLS IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLIZZARD.

LOOK! THERE'S  
THE HIGH SCHOOL!

THERE MUST BE A FOOT OF  
SNOW ON THE FIELD!



WE PLAYED THE GAME ON A FIELD SO SNOW-COVERED  
THAT THE YARD MARKERS WERE UNREADABLE.  
AT HALFTIME, OUR COACH HAD TO THREATEN US  
TO MAKE US LEAVE THE LOCKER ROOM.

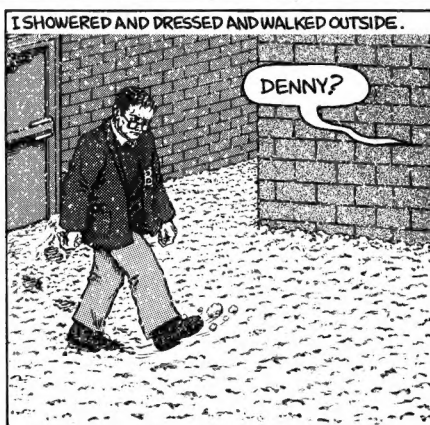
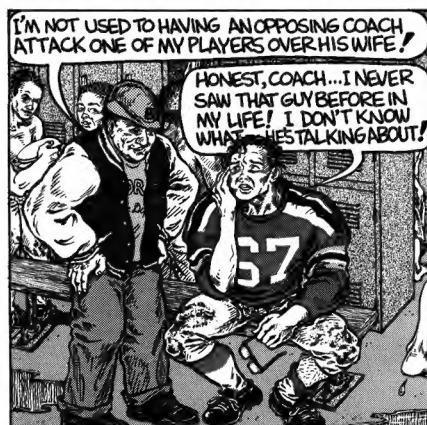
GET BACK OUT THERE  
OR YOU'LL WALK  
BACK TO BOISE!

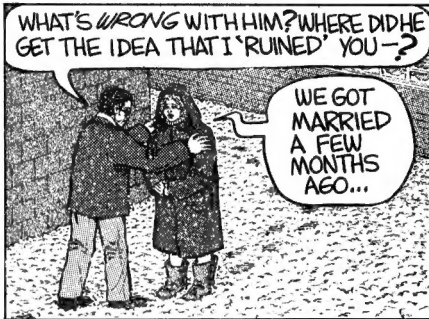


WE WON 50-12. I HAD NEVER BEEN MORE MISERABLE.  
AFTER THE GAME, I WAS SO COLD AND WET  
I COULD BARELY UNDRRESS.

THERE ARE ICICLES  
ON MY FACE-MASK!











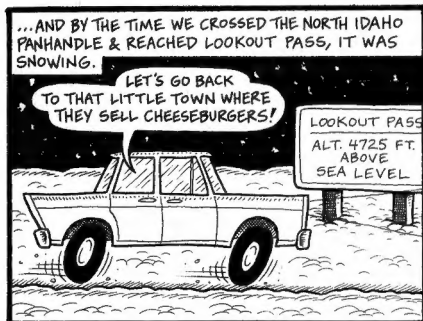
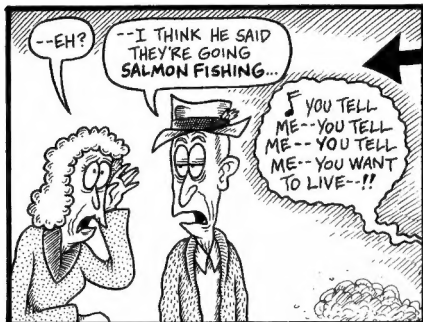


# ONE MAN-ONE GLOVE:

## The Legend of WILD MAN FISCHER

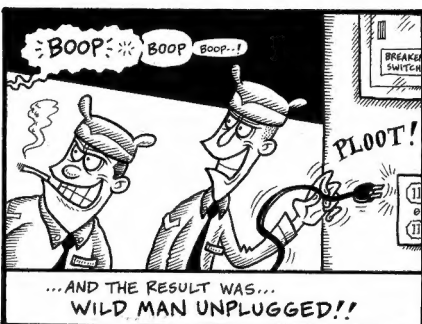
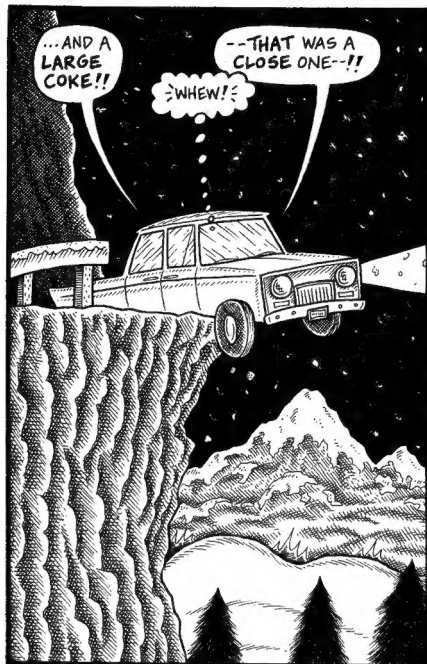
### Part 4: Travels With Larry

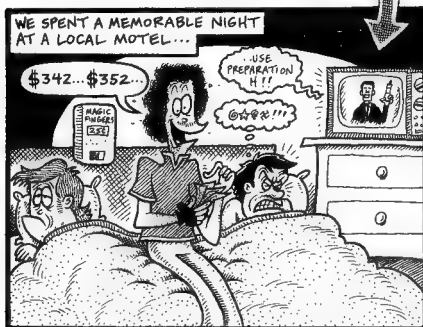
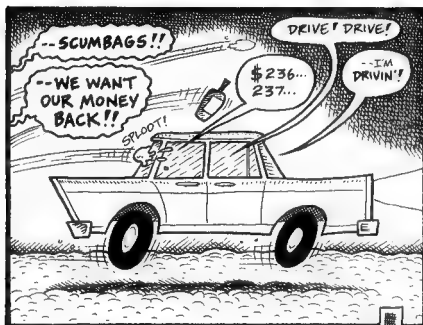
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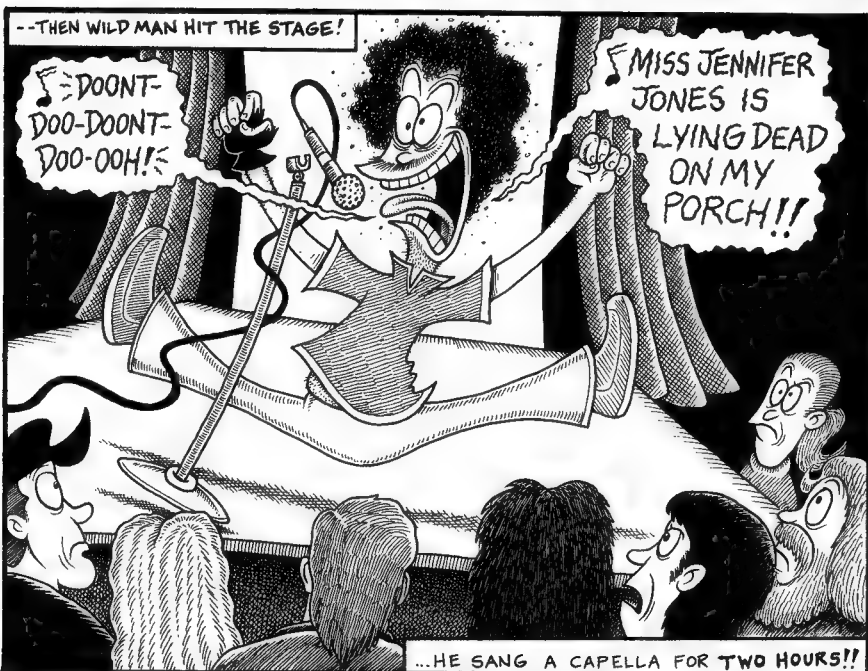
THE BAROMETER WAS DROPPING STEADILY AS LARRY "WILD MAN" FISCHER, MY FRIEND PINCH, & I LEFT FOR MONTANA...

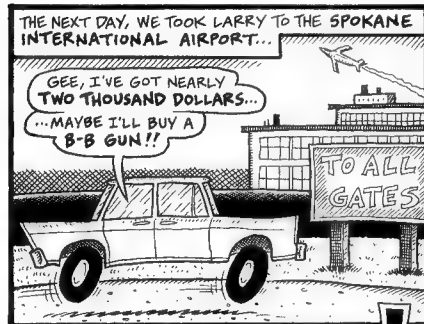
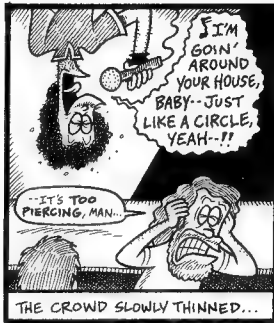












THERE'S A LOT OF INFORMATION FLOATING AROUND ON THE STREET...  
GOOD AND BAD, TRUE AND FALSE.

I REMEMBER THE TIME I GOT A SECOND-HAND



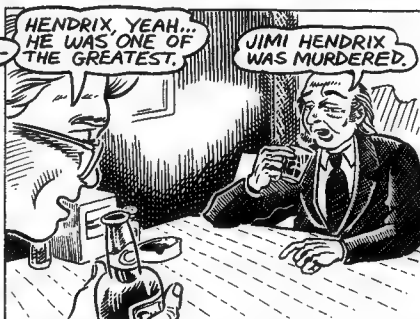
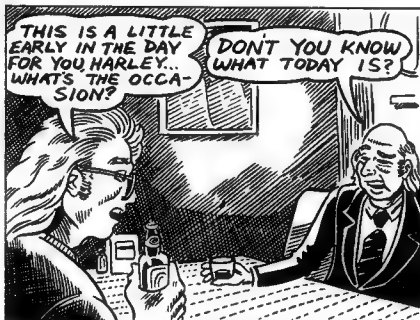
# MESSAGE FROM JIMI!

STORY BY DENNIS P. EICHORN

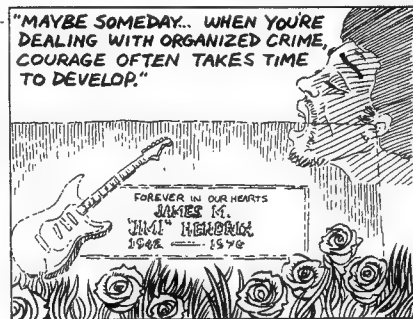
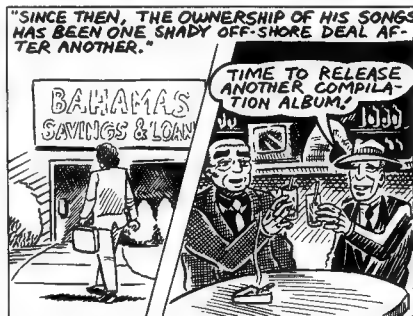
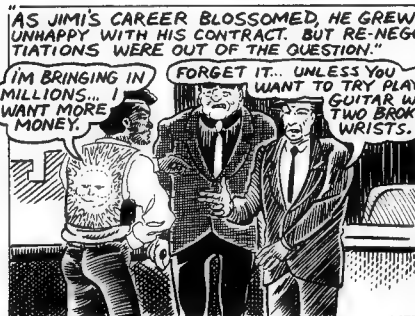
ARTWORK BY STEVE LAFLE



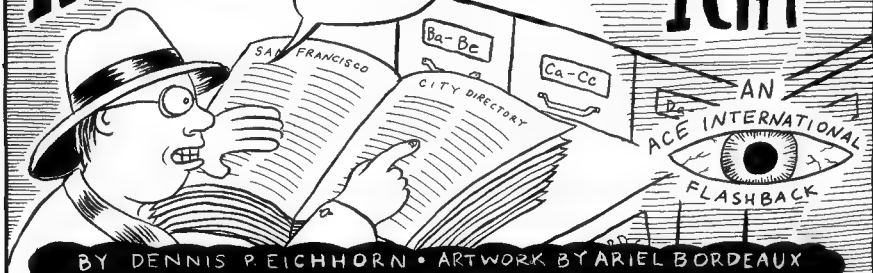
HARLEY WAS A RESPECTED JOURNALIST  
AND EDITOR WHO'D COVERED THE ENTERTAINMENT  
INDUSTRY FOR YEARS.







# The Raymond Chandler Riff



BY DENNIS REICHHORN • ARTWORK BY ARIEL BORDEAUX

Life in San Francisco was simple and sweet! Money was in short supply...



...but it didn't seem to matter at the time.

We lived a couple of blocks away from the University of San Francisco



Since I didn't have a job, I got into spending my afternoons in the library's reading room.



I read a lot of mysteries. Finally, I discovered the work of Raymond Chandler.



Chandler was a smooth, powerful writer.  
And private eye Philip Marlowe, his creation...



I get twenty-five  
a day and expenses—  
when I'm lucky.

...well, you just had to  
love the guy.

Over the next few days  
I devoured Chandler's  
books.



Then I cracked open  
"Farewell My Lovely" ...



...and learned a couple of things  
that came in handy later on.

As the story begins, Marlowe meets a huge  
plugugly named Moose Malone who's  
looking for his long-lost love.

Velma used to work  
here. Little Velma.  
I ain't seen her in  
eight years.



Moose drags Marlowe along with him on his search.

Velma don't work here  
no mo'. She done reti'ed.  
Haw, Haw.

kind of take  
your goddamned  
mitt off my shirt.



After a brief altercation...

This guy  
is tough!

WHOP!





Moose kills the club's manager...



...and makes his exit...



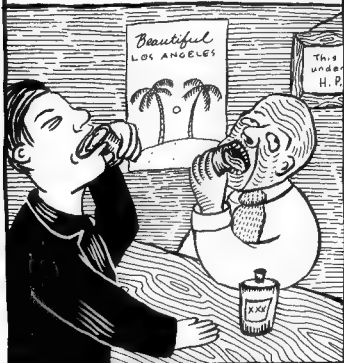
Marlowe takes an interest in the case, and goes looking for Velma and Moose. After asking a few questions at Florian's ...



...he buttonholes the desk clerk at a nearby hotel ...



After splitting a pint  
with the clerk ...



Marlowe inquires about the former  
proprietors of Florian's...



And what  
happened to  
Mike Florian?

Daid,  
brother.



Left a widow.  
Name of Jessie.

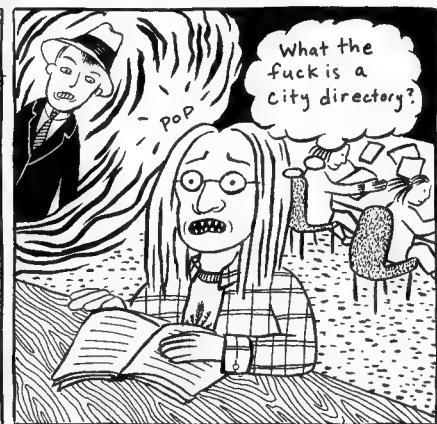
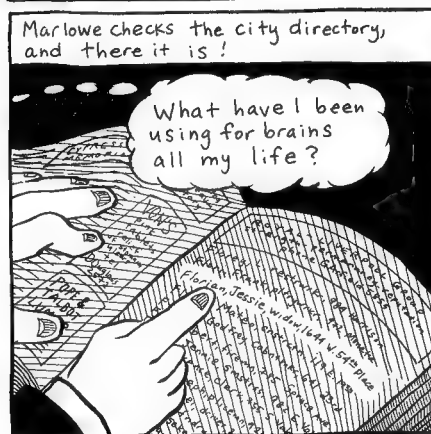


What happened  
to her?



The pursuit  
of knowledge,  
brother, is the  
askin' of  
many questions  
I aint heard. Try  
the phone  
book.





I checked at the reference desk.

We don't have city directories here... you'll find them at the downtown branch of the city library.

Thanks.

BLIC LIBRARY  
CITY AND COUNTY  
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Stately looking!

A helpful librarian showed me how to use the collection ...

...and we have directories for all the Bay Area municipalities, going back to the turn of the century in some cases...

Gee!

... and I made the most of it in the years to come.

Here's a list of potential witnesses, Ace... see if you can track them down.

I'll get started on it right away.

L. CLANSKI  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

I owe a lot to Raymond Chandler... and Philip Marlowe...

Look in the book, brother.

LOS ANGELES  
CITY  
DIRECTORY

... and most of all to the desk clerk at the Hotel SansSouci!

END

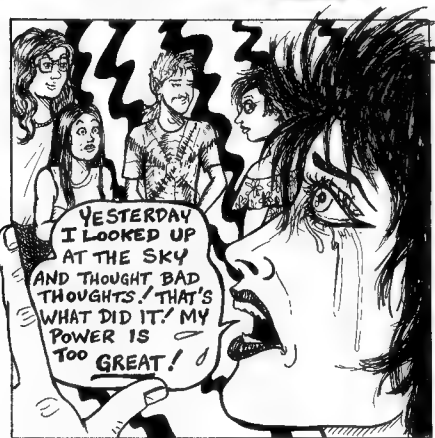


I KILLED THEM!  
IT'S ALL MY FAULT! THOSE  
PEOPLE DIED BECAUSE OF  
ME...

DAILY TRIANGLE  
DENNIS R. EICHORN  
READ IN ASSAULT  
SPENT 90 DAYS IN PRISON

AND MY POWER!!

A black and white comic book panel depicting a chaotic scene. On the left, a woman with long dark hair runs out of a doorway, her body angled away from the viewer. In the center, a man with long hair and a mustache is screaming "NO! NO! AAAAHHHHH" in large, bold letters. He is holding a woman who is also screaming. To the right, a man with a mustache and a woman with glasses are looking on. The woman with glasses says, "NOW, AGNES... CALM DOWN, HONEY..." in a speech bubble. A newspaper titled "Daily SIX" lies on the floor in the foreground. The background shows a doorway and some furniture.



DON'T TALK ABOUT ME AS IF I'M NOT HERE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BRING ON INNOCENT DEATHS!



SHE'S BEEN BLAMING HERSELF FOR EVERYTHING EVER SINCE JFK WAS ASSASSINATED.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT... AND I'M SO SORRY!



THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO, SO WE WENT BACK TO OUR APARTMENT. THE SCREAMING AND HYSTERICAL SOBBING WENT ON FOR WEEKS.

EARLY THIS MORNING, 17 PEOPLE PERISHED IN A CHICAGO WAREHOUSE FIRE...



NO! OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER FIRE! AAAAAAY!!!

SHE TUNES IN WALTER CRONKITE EVERY EVENING!



WHEN WE MOVED AWAY, THE LAST THING AGNES TOLD US WAS...



IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

I'VE GOT THE POWER!

I NEVER SAW HER AGAIN.

BUT SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW, IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE...

TODAY US-LED UNITED NATIONS FORCES BOMBED SEVERAL MIDDLE-EASTERN TARGETS....

BOOM!



... AGNES IS TAKING ALL THE CREDIT. END

EARLY IN THE  
SUMMER OF 1963

PROCEED SOUTHWEST ON HIGHWAY  
30 TO THE ADA-ELMORE COUNTYLINE.

TEN FOUR!

MY TANKER SQUAD WAS DISPATCHED TO ITS FIRST RANGE FIRE.



STORY  
BY DENNIS  
EICHORN  
ART BY SETH TOBOGMAN

LOOK, THERE'S  
THE PILOT.

2 OF US SPRAY  
-ED THE  
BLAZE WITH  
PHOSPHATES  
AS THE OTHERS  
SHOV  
-ELED  
OUT A  
FIRE LINE.

幫助!

醫生!

WHAT'S HE  
SAYING?

SOUNDS  
LIKE  
CHINESE!





HEY! LOOKS LIKE WE GOT COMPANY

MUST BE FROM MOUNTAIN  
HOME AIR FORCE BASE.



車火!

GET BACK TO WORK!  
WE'LL HANDLE THIS.

IT DIDN'T TAKE  
LONG TO SUP-  
PRESS THE FIRE.  
WE'RE FINISHED

GOOD,  
CLEAR  
OUT.

AND  
KEEP QUIET  
ABOUT THIS IF  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT'S GOOD  
FOR YOU.



WHAT DO YOU THINK  
IS GOING ON  
HERE??

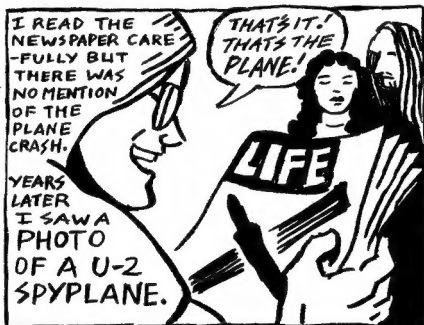
BEATS ME, SAY... ISN'T THAT  
RICK RAPHAEL?

YEAH, HE'S A  
NEWSPAPER  
REPORTER.



HELLO MEN... I HEARD ABOUT THE FIRE OVER  
THE RADIO, BUT THERE WAS NO MENTION OF AN  
AIRPLANE. WAS THE PILOT HURT?

YEAH, HE'S CHINESE  
OR SOMETHING.





愛達河•

**WAS THE U.S. AIRFORCE TRAINING NATIONALIST  
CHINESE PILOTS FOR HIGH ALTITUDE RECON-  
-NAISSANCE OVER MAINLAND CHINA? PROBABLY!  
IT'S JUST ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS STRAND IN THE  
TANGLED WEB OF MODERN AMERICAN HISTORY.**

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